A POWER COMIC

THE COMIC WITH THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

SMASH!

No.67
13th MAY 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

WHO STOLE THE COOKIES? THE INCREDIBLE BATPUTER COMES UP WITH AN INCREDIBLE ANSWER — "JOLLY ROGER." BUT ROGER'S BEEN DEAD ABOUT 200 YEARS!

THE REAL NAME OF THE PIRATE CALLED "JOLLY ROGER" WAS ROGER WINDOW, BUT THERE'S NO SUCH NAME IN OUR CRIME-FILE!

-- NOR ANY NAME LIKE "WINDOW" -- SUCH AS "BASEMENT" OR "GLASS". VERY DISCOURAGING, SIR!

HOW ABOUT "PAYNE"?

THAT'S IT, ROBIN! "ROGER PAYNE, WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN. SAFE CRACKER, LOST RIGHT HAND AND LEFT LEG IN ATTEMPT TO DYNAMITE VAULT OF BANK OF ENGLAND, 1960!"

SO AT LAST WE KNOW WHO OUR ADVERSARY IS!

-- BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS!

WHERE WOULD BE THE LOGICAL PLACE TO LOOK FOR A PIRATE, ROBIN?

ON A SHIP?

SPLENDID CEREBRATION, YOUNG SIR!

SPLENDID INDEED! FOR AT THIS SAME MOMENT, IN GOTHAM HARBOUR...

SHIVER MY TIMBERS! AREN'T THOSE ENGINES READY YET??

AWWK!

AWWK!

WE SAIL FOR HONG KONG WITH OUR LOOT TONIGHT -- OR SOMEBODY GETS SCUTTLED!!

AYE AYE AYE AYE, SIR, JOLLY ROGER!

THE ONLY PIRATE CRAFT I RECALL WAS USED IN THE 1898 GOTHAM CITY WORLD'S FAIR!

HOLY METHUSELAH! YOU WERE THERE?

CERTAINLY NOT, YOUNG SIR! BUT THE CRAFT IS STILL IN THE HARBOUR!

THAT ROTTEN OLD HULK OFF PIER SIX??

ROTTEN IS RIGHT, CHUM! LET'S GO!

WILL THE DYNAMIC DUO MISS THE BOAT? — SEE OVER

© Odhams Press Ltd., England, 1967

JUST THE SORT OF HIDEOUT A CROOK LIKE JOLLY ROGER MIGHT USE!
--ESPECIALLY IF HE WANTS TO DROWN!
THEN UP THE MUD-HOOK AND SAIL, YOU LUBBER. AFORE I SCUTTLE YE!
THE ENGINES ARE READY, JOLLY ROGER!
WE'RE OFF FOR HONG KONG, MISS MORGAN, WITH A HOLD FULL OF LOOT!
AWKK! PIECES OF TEN!
THAT CRUMMY BIRD! DOESN'T HE KNOW IT OUGHTA BE "PIECES OF EIGHT"?

LONG JOHN IS SMARTER THAN YOU BE, MY DEAR! HE KNOWS ABOUT INFLATION!
ACK! ACK!
BIG DEAL!
THE PIRATE SHIP IS SAILING, BATMAN!
SO I SEE!
ANYWAY THEY WON'T GET FAR IN THAT OLD TUB!
I'M NOT SO SURE, CHUM!

UNLESS I'M GREATLY MISTAKEN, JOLLY ROGER WILL HAVE HAD THE CRAFT MADE SEAWORTHY AND FITTED WITH MODERN ENGINES!
PARDON BATMAN, BUT COULD YOU SPARE A DIME?
WOULD TEN DOLLARS DO?
HOLY CROESUS!
YOU HAD A DIME, BATMAN! THE ONE THE OLD LADY GAVE YOU WHEN WE FIXED HER FLAT TYRE!
TRUE! BUT I WOULD NEVER PART WITH THAT, ROBIN!

IT'S A SORT OF GOOD LUCK PIECE!
SOME LUCK! IT JUST COST YOU TEN BUCKS!
MAYBE MORE! FOR WITHIN THE SPURIOUS COIN IS HIDDEN A TINY TRANSMITTER!
SHIVER MY TIMBERS! THE BAT DETECTOR IS BLIPPING!
SO BATMAN IS NEARBY! THAT'S BAD!
NOT TOO BAD, MISS MORGAN! WE SEEM TO HAVE LEFT HIM AND THE LAD ON THE DOCK!
THAT'S GOOD!
EXCITEMENT COMES IN BROADSIDES NEXT WEEK!

SMASH! printed in Great Britain by St. Clements Press Ltd., 117 Oxford Victoria St., London, E.C.4, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A'sia) Ltd. South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland 12 months 24/-, abroad (including Canada) 12 months 30/-. Dollar Rate for U.S.A. etc., Canada 6/50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

PERCY'S PETS
OH, BOY! I CAN'T WAIT—I LOVE 'NANAS!
OH, NO! IT'S MONTY, MY PET MONKEY!
SNATCH!
ME TOO! SLURP!
COME BACK, YOU LITTLE THIEF—I GAVE YOU A 'NANA FOR BREAKFAST YOU GREEDY LUMP!
TWO 'NANAS ARE BETTER THAN ONE!
HERE GOES! SLURP!
HELP! IT'S HOPPED IT!
??
FLOOP
SAFETY BELT
MUST KEEP OUR CANNON IN GOOD SHAPE, MICKY!
GUN POWDER
POLISH
YEAH! THAT CAT NEXT DOOR WILL GET A SHOCK NEXT TIME IT ATTACKS US! HEH! HEH!
COO! WHO'S THROWING BANANAS ABOUT?
PLOP!
?
?
HEE HEE! THAT'LL SAVE US WASTING A CANNONBALL ON A PRACTICE SHOT!
AAGH! NO! IT'S OFF AGAIN, YOU TWERPS!
BOOM!
NICE OF YOU TO LET ME HAVE A BATH IN YOUR BILL, PELLY!
OH, THINK NOTHING OF IT!
COO, A BANANA! HOW DID THAT GET HERE?
ME AND MY GONDOLA!
HO! HO! THAT'S GOOD—A BANANA GONDOLA!
GRRR! I'LL HAVE THAT—IT'S MINE!
ERK!
AT LAST!
AAGH! IT'S ALL SOAPY! GROOH! GROOH!
HO! HO! I MIGHT AS WELL EAT MONTY'S DINNER AND TEA—HE'S TOO ILL TO EAT TODAY! SERVES HIM RIGHT! HO! HO!
DOESN'T HE KNOW BATH WATER IS SOAPY?

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967

MUNCH!
GOOD! I'VE GOT WOOD — WORM IN MY BEST CLUB!
CHEW!
CRUNCH!
CRUNCH!
— MUST HAVE CAUGHT THE WOODWORM FROM NELLIE MOSSOP'S HEAD WHEN I HIT IT WITH MY CLUB LAST WEEK! BAH! — I'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME WOOD AND CARVE A NEW ONE!
FUN FAIR
COO! THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA! I'LL GET ME A READY-MADE CLUB!
ROLL UP! ROLL UP! RING THE BELL AND WIN A PRIZE!
'ERE GOES—
— GONE!?!?!
THANKS, MISTER! THIS'LL MAKE A BLOOMING NEW CLUB!
ME HAMMER! COME BACK, YOU LITTLE THIEF!
SHE'S VANISHED! WHERE DID SHE GO?
COOEE! HERE I AM! TITTER!
OUF!
ZOOM!
THUD!
BAH! SHE'S GONE AGAIN!
EEK! IT'S ALIVE! IT TOUCHED ME EAR-LOBE!
GHOST TRAIN
ENTRANCE
?
HELP! MUVVER!
WHOO! OOO!
GOOO!— GIVE ME THREE GUINEAS!
ER— ONE GUESS, WILL DO! GULP! — GULP!
OOH!
HEH! HEH! I DON'T RING THE BELL — BUT I'VE RATTLED HIS TEETH!
THUMP!
I'LL GET HER FOR THAT — YOU SEE —
I'M GOING TO ROLL A PENNY — WITH A ROLLING PIN!
HELP! HE CAN STILL RUN!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

SCOOP! Guess who we honeyed into joining our merry mob of madmen and taking up permanent residence in the garret? To save you time we'll tell you. It's Kid Ken Mennell! Ken, who regularly scripts Rubber-man for us each week in SMASH, is one of the most sought-after story-spinners in the business—but from now on he'll be writing exclusively for POWER! (He'll be writing for money, too, but who wants to talk about a sordid subject like that!) Ken the Kiddy thought he had problems before, dreaming up the way-out scenes and happenings in his stylish stories. But now that he's one of us he's not only got to worry about writing 'em—he's got to worry about who draws 'em, too!

We've noticed from your letters that one of our Kookie characters is steadily climbing the popularity poll. We're talking about the MISSING LINK who features each week in FANTASTIC. With the sort of competition he's facing in THOR, X-MEN and IRON MAN, it seems like the Lovable Link must have something special to even earn himself a mention. Maybe the award-winning artwork of maestro Luis Bermejo has got something to do with it.

TWENTY FRANTIC FOLLOWERS...

Royce Frost, Rotherham, Yorkshire; Clive Chalcroft, Margate, Kent; Trevor Brookes, Dartford, Kent; Paul Smith, Saffron Walden, Essex; L. Hogger, Upper Clapton, London E.5; John Bines, Nelson, Lancs; James Townsend, Salford 5, Lancashire; Nicholas Michaels, Crowthorne, Berks; Sandra Dunn, Mill Hill, London; Glenn Gefton, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire; Robert Jarvie, Ayr, Scotland; Frank Warren, Sheffield 8; Suzanne Cairn, Cardiff, S. Wales; Melvyn Woolley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs; Robert Rand, Swansea, S. Wales; Paul Fasset, Bristol 7, Gloucestershire; Richard Manton, Leicester; David Lehan, West Derby, Liverpool 12; Fred Patterson, Renfrewshire, Scotland; Michael Carney, Peckham, London.

Lastly, here's an item of advance information that should stir the pulses of all you frantic ones who've been writing in asking us to feature Dare-Devil, the man without fear. If all that we're planning comes to be, old D.D. will be joining the Power Parade. We don't yet know which of our comics will be honoured by his presence, but this we promise you. When the decision is made you frantic ones shall be the first to be informed.

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

IN FOILING AN ATTEMPT TO STEAL AN ANCIENT INDIAN SUN STONE, RUBBERMAN BRINGS MYSTERIOUS PERIL UPON HIMSELF AND YOUNG NEWSPAPER-MAN BILL WAYNE FOR WITHOUT WARNING THE VERY GROUND BEGINS TO FURIOUSLY VIBRATE — AND...

...A HUGE TREE TOPPLES STRAIGHT TOWARDS RUBBERMAN AND BILL WAYNE...

THERE'S NO TIME TO DODGE IT! IT'S GOING TO FALL RIGHT ON US!

QUICK, BILL! GRAB MY HAND!

THERE ARE SOME ADVANTAGES TO BEING MADE OF RUBBER — AND BEING ABLE TO CATAPAULT MYSELF IS ONE OF THEM!

IT'S BEEN UPROOTED, YET IT LOOKS STRONG ENOUGH! WHAT MADE IT FALL?

AND WHAT ABOUT THE GROUND SHAKING LIKE IT DID?

FROM THE MOUTH OF A CAVE, NEARBY...

CURSE YOU, RUBBERMAN! CURSE YOU FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO ME!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING BIG! LIKE A... A MONSTER!

THEY DO NOT SEE, AS A MASSIVE HAND ROLLS A GREAT BOULDER TO BLOCK THE CAVE ENTRANCE...

I MUST HAVE DARKNESS... DARKNESS!

I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT, EITHER, BUT I CAN'T SEE ANY SIGN OF A MONSTER — OR THE MAN WHO WAS DRIVING THAT TRUCK!

LATER...

WELL, THE POLICE HAVE CAUGHT THE MEN WHO HELPED HAUL THE SUN STONE INTO THE TRUCK, BUT THEY DIDN'T EVEN SEE THE MAN WHO HIRED THEM!

WELL, WHOEVER IT WAS... WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO STEAL IT? IT'S ONLY OF HISTORICAL AND ARCHAEOLOGICAL VALUE... AND WHY ARE YOU SO INTERESTED IN THE STONE, RUBBERMAN?

RUBBERMAN TELLS BILL ABOUT THE FAKIR WHOSE CURSE TURNED HIM INTO WHAT HE NOW IS...

SO, YOU'RE HOPING THIS FAKIR WILL BE UNABLE TO RESIST COMING TO SEE THIS SO-CALLED MAGIC SUN STONE! I TELL YOU WHAT, RUBBERMAN, THERE'S A GOOD STORY HERE FOR ME! YOU LET ME STAY WITH YOU AND I'LL HELP YOU LOOK FOR HIM!

OKAY, IT'S A DEAL, BILL. BUT YOU CAN'T PRINT IT YET! AND, I WARN YOU, THE FAKIR MAY NOT SHOW UP. NOTHING MAY HAPPEN AT ALL!

THEY WATCH ALL DAY AT THE MUSEUM WHERE THE SUN STONE IS ON VIEW...

NO SIGN OF HIM! MAYBE I WILL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN, BILL!

CHEER UP! THE STONE IS ON SHOW FOR A WHOLE WEEK BEFORE IT GOES BACK TO ITS PRIVATE COLLECTION. PERHAPS HE'LL TURN UP TOMORROW!

AS THEY WALK THE NIGHT-SHROUDED STREETS TOWARDS THEIR HOTEL...

GOOD! THE STREET IS DESERTED BUT FOR THEM! IS THE MACHINE TUNED IN TO THE CORRECT RANGE?

ALL IS READY, DOCTOR!

SECONDS LATER...

AAAHHHH! MY EARS! MY HEAD! I CAN'T... STAND AAAAHH!

WE ARE BEING BLASTED... WITH SONIC SOUND!

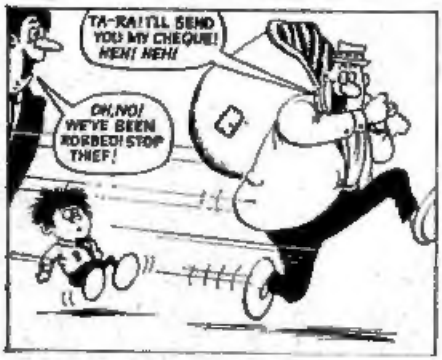
THEY ARE BLACKING OUT! START UP THE ENGINE!

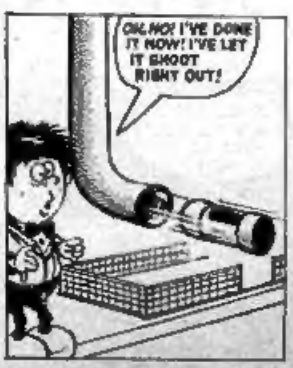
WHEN RUBBERMAN COMES TO..
WHAT... WHERE THE BLAZES AM I? IT... IT'S LIKE THE PALACE OF A FAIRY-TALE GIANT!
THEN...
WELCOME TO CASA NERO, RUBBERMAN! AS YOU KNOW, THE ITALIAN WORD NERO MEANS BLACK! AND YOU WILL FIND THAT IS NOT INAPPROPRIATE!
WHO... WHO ARE YOU?
THE MAN WHO SPEAKS IS SHROUDED FROM HEAD TO FOOT IN BLACK, SHINING, METAL-LIKE FABRIC.
AS TO WHO I AM, RUBBERMAN... WELL, YOU NEED KNOW ME ONLY AS DOCTOR GLOOM. IF YOU COULD SEE MY FEATURES BENEATH THIS COVERING YOU WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY RECOGNISE ME AS ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!
BECAUSE ONE OF MY MOST DARING EXPERIMENTS WENT WRONG, I CANNOT BE EXPOSED TO THE LIGHT OF DAY... NOT EVEN TO ARTIFICIAL LIGHT SUCH AS IN THIS ROOM. THUS, I AM DOOMED TO LIVE LIKE YOU SEE ME NOW... UNLESS YOU HELP ME!
HELP YOU DO WHAT?
COLD HATRED CREEPS INTO THE MUFFLED VOICE OF DOCTOR GLOOM...
YOU STOPPED ME FROM STEALING THE SUN STONE, RUBBERMAN. IT WAS MY ONLY CHANCE OF DOING SO — SO YOU WILL STEAL IT FOR ME! BUT BEFORE YOU REFUSE, LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING!
CLICK!
A WALL PANEL SLIDES OPEN...
BILL!
IN THE NEXT CAGE TO YOUR FRIEND ARE SOME VERY SPECIAL BATS!... CREATURES OF THE DARKNESS LIKE ME... SAVAGE AND HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT A MAN ALIVE. IF I PRESS THIS OTHER CONTROL BUTTON, THEY WILL BE LOOSED UPON HIM!
SO YOU SEE, RUBBERMAN, IF YOU REFUSE TO STEAL THE SUN STONE... THEN I AM AFRAID YOUR FRIEND WILL NOT BENEFIT BY YOUR HONESTY AT ALL!
HE IS PASSING DIRECTLY BENEATH THAT CHANDELIER!
MINGLED WITH THE SOUND OF SMASHING GLASS IS THE NOISE OF RIPPING CLOTH...
HE'S DROPPED THE CONTROL BOX!
YOU FOOL! THE CHANDELIER HAS TORN MY SUIT— THE LIGHT IS GETTING THROUGH TO ME!
CRASH!
AS RUBBERMAN REACHES BILL'S CAGE...
FOOL! FOOL! DON'T YOU REALISE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE?
RUBBERMAN! LOOK! LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM!... LOOK!
A TERRIBLE SURPRISE AWAITS RUBBERMAN!— YOU CAN CHECK OUT YOUR GUESS WITH THESE PAGES NEXT WEEK!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

HEH! HEH! KEEP HIM TALKING, BOY - THE LONGER HE TAKES THE MORE I GET!
THERE'S THE CHEQUE— WAIT TILL MUM SEES THIS!
THANK YOU, SIR! I'LL GET YOUR RECEIPT!





HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU! BOO-HOO-HOO! ♫ HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU! BOO-HOO-HOO! ♫ HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR MOTHER! HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU BOO-HOO-HOO!
POOR LAD! HE GOT £300 REWARD!

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!—

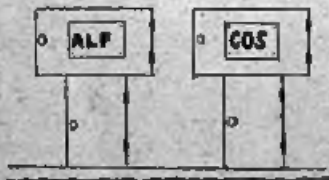
64, Long Acre, London W.C.2

you'll win £1 if your letter is printed! ★

Dear Alf and Cos,
My gran has brought my brothers and me SMASH. We have been reading SMASH since it has been out. The only thing is, if SMASH had a few more jokes it would be magnificent. I agree with Gill Smith about the Hulk chasing out after space monsters etc. I was only 11 when this comic came out but now I am 12, and I think it has got worse and worse. I should not think that this letter will be printed but at least it's a try. Oh, and by the way, I have been thinking why your doors have been shaped this way. It's because you turned bigheads when Sean McDonough sent you his letter.

Margaret Pritchard,
Kings Kerswell,
N. Devon.

● *To you and all those others with Power Packed peepers who wrote to tell us why our doors are that shape—IT'S NOT TRUE! The rumour started with a story that Cos's Mum sent him out to buy 10 lbs of potatoes and made him wear his cap—to carry them home in! And since Alf always says: "Anything Cos can do I can do better—". Still, we can't deny our doors ARE that shape. Anyone else got any other ideas Why?*



Dear Alf and Cos,
I think you should make some adjustments to SMASH:

Batman	6 pages
Percy's Pets	2 pages
Rubberman	4 pages
Bad Penny	3 pages
Charlie's Choice	2 pages
The Swots	2 pages
The Hulk	10 pages
Ronnie Rich	4 pages
Grimly Feendish	3 pages
Legend Testers	4 pages
Nerve	6 pages
Danger Mouse	2 pages

Charles Berrimann,
Spennymore.

● *WE've got to agree with you. If we only had the 48 pages! (Charles wrote the answer—not us!*

Alf and Cos.)

Dear Alf and Cos,
I'm writing to inform you that a boy (Tim Taylor) has given you wrong information. He said that Selina Kyle was Catwoman, Eduard Nigmar the Riddler and Mr. Boniface the Penguin. Well, That is wrong. This is right!
The Catwoman—Julie Newmar
The Riddler—Frank Groashin
The Penguin—Burgess Meredith
Sorry Tim, but that's the way the cookie crumbles!

Christopher Are,
West Croydon, Surrey.

Er...Chris...haven't you got your lines crossed? Surely, Tim Taylor has given us their real names in the story (like Bruce Wayne...Batman). You have given us the names of the ACTORS playing the parts on films and TV.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Just thought I'd write and congratulate you on the great work you're doing. I am nineteen and married and both my husband and I are your devoted fans. I believe your Power Pack Comics are the very best on sale and certainly "packed with powerful stories". My husband and I both agree that Saturday can't come round quick enough so we can buy your comics. We get all four and don't know how we ever managed without them. They are our only entertainment as we haven't got television—but who needs that when we've got SMASH etc.

The Legend Testers and The Hulk are my favourites in SMASH, and my outright favourites are the X-Men and The Hulk.

Keep up the good work. Your always loyally devoted fan.

Mrs. M. Andrews
Basingstoke, Hants.

P.S. My only dislikes are those spy cartoons (DR. BUNGLE etc.) But they certainly wouldn't ever stop me buying your comics.

● *Shucks! Spare our blushes, Mrs Andrews!*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Ever since I've been getting SMASH you have been giving *Grimly Feendish* a bad time. He has not yet pulled a perfect crime. I think you should apologize to him and soon. If you do not, he will leave the SMASH comic. And then all the readers would go and look for another one, because SMASH won't be so good without him.
P.S. If he does leave SMASH tell him he'll be welcome at my house.

Brian Glynn,
Belfast.

● *WE'll tell him he's welcome over there in Ireland...but look away your Piggy Bank. Could be he'll pull off his first perfect crime at your house.*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I think POW and WHAM are the greatest. But SMASH is not for me because the HULK always changes back to Bruce Banner when there's some action. So please do some improving on my greenskinned hero. Maybe I'll buy SMASH more often then.

Kevin Monty,
Middlesbrough, Yorks.

● *The Hulk doesn't like changing back to Bruce Banner, either, Kevin. But he can't do anything about it—and neither can we!*

Alf and Cos.

Most of you love SMASH!, but if you want to love it MORE—just fill in the form and send it in with your letter. We'll take note of what you say, and you'll finish up with 28 pages of pure bliss!
My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

_____

The feature I don't like is:

_____

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FREE SUPER-MAGIC PAINTING BOOK

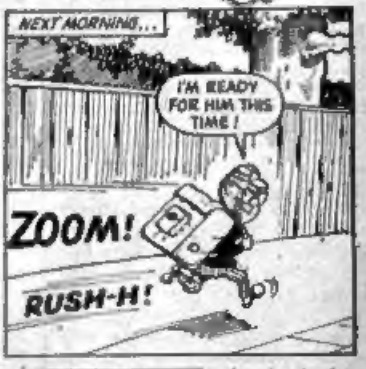
inside every copy of

NEW **Robin** joined by **Story Time**

Bigger and better than ever . . . with more wonderful characters every week. Hurry for Robin; it's only 7d.

No. 1 JUST OUT!

The SWOTS and the BLOTS



GOOD MORNING, CYRIL — I SEE YOU'RE NOT LATE TODAY!
PUFF! GASP! I'LL GET HIM TOMORROW — I'M NOT LETTING HIM GET AWAY WITH THIS! PUFF!
GRRR! THE BE ROTTEN TWERP GOT POOR OLD NEDDY!

GOSH! I FEEL ALL WEAK- BUT AT LEAST NEDDY SLOT WON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN!
ERK! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? I CAN HARDLY STAND!
I'M DONE FOR! I'M DYING!
HMM ANOTHER SWOT BITES THE DUST!
SECONDS LATER...
WATER! WATER! GASP! GASP!
HO! HO! NEDDY'S GOT HIS OWN BACK NOW!
HEE! HEE! THANKS FOR THE LIFT CYRIL! I NIPPED IN THE WINDOW WHEN YOU WERE HAVING BREKKERS!
OH, NO! IT'S NEDDY!
WATER SUPPLY
BOO! BOO! SHAME!
NOW THEN, NEDDY- THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! YOU LEAVE CYRIL ALONE OR I SHALL HAVE TO CANE YOU!
YES, TEACHER, SIR!
NEXT MORNING ..
AH WELL- SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH NEDDY THIS MORNING!
A FIRM HAND- THAT'S WHAT'S NEEDED!
..BUT YOU STILL CAN'T WIN!
HMM! BREAKING THE SPEED LIMIT AND CAUSING INCONVENIENCE TO PEDESTRIANS- HE'S REALLY GOING TO BE IN TROUBLE!
GIDDY-UP! FASTER! FASTER! HEH! HEH!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
WHACK!
RUSH-H!
HO-HO! NEDDY'S CADGED A LIFT OFF TEACH NOW!

The INCREDIBLE HULK...

"I, AGAINST A WORLD!"

SUPPOSE YOU SAW THE *HULK* HURTLING TOWARDS THE WHITE HOUSE IN WASHINGTON, D.C.? WOULD YOU BELIEVE HE MERELY WANTED TO TELL THE PRESIDENT THAT *RICK JONES* NEEDS HIS HELP? OR, IN AN EFFORT TO SAFEGUARD THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE, WOULD YOU FIRE THE FANTASTIC *T-GUN** AT HIM AS THE TROOPS UNDER GENERAL ROSS' COMMAND DID, LITTLE DREAMING HE WOULD INSTANTLY *VANISH*, THEN REAPPEAR IN THE FAR DISTANT *FUTURE*!!

IT IS THE *HULK*--HE OF WHOM OUR ANCIENT *LEGENDS* TELL! BEWARE HIS BRUTAL *POWER*!

EVEN IN THE *FUTURE* I GOTTA FIGHT FOR MY LIFE AGAINST EVERYONE ELSE!

STAY BACK!! *BACK*!! YOU'RE JUST A PACK OF MEN--BUT *ME* I'M THE *HULK*!

**T-GUN*: EXPERIMENTAL DEVICE INVENTED BY *BRUCE BANNER*! SO NAMED BECAUSE ITS PURPOSE IS TO DISTORT LIGHT WAVES AS A METHOD OF *TIME TRAVEL*!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1963

PROPELLED BY THE MOST INCREDIBLY POWERFUL ARMS OF ANY HUMAN, THE GIGANTIC BOULDER THUNDERS TO THE GROUND, SHATTERING WITH THE EXPLOSIVE FORCE OF A DOZEN MORTAR SHELLS--!

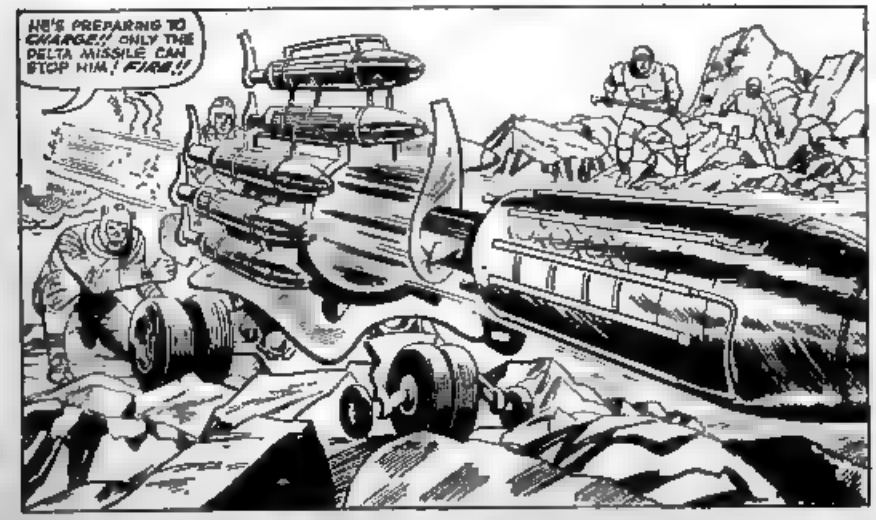
I'M *THROUGH* RUNNING! THROUGH BEING HOUNDED! *NOBODY'S* ATTACKING ME AGAIN--*NOBODY*!!

HOOM

PROTECT YOURSELVES! FORCE ALONE CANNOT STOP HIM! BUT WE HAVE *OTHER* MEANS!

WE CANNOT ALLOW A DESTRUCTIVE, RAMPAGING BEAST TO RUN AMOK IN OUR LAND!
ESPECIALLY NOW, WHEN WE ARE FACED WITH THE DEADLY THREAT OF... THE EVIL ONE!
THUS, WE MUST USE ANY AND ALL MEANS TO STOP HIM! EXPLOSO-RAY GUNNERS --FIRE AT WILL!
BWOOM
BWOOM

BUT, SECONDS LATER ..
ALL UNITS TAKE COVER! PREPARE TO FIRE DELTA MISSILE!
CEASE FIRING! IT IS USELESS! THE SHELLS MERELY SERVE TO INFURIATE HIM THE MORE!
I'LL SMASH YOU ALL!! I'M THE HULK, DO YA HEAR? THE HULK!!
BOOM
BAMM


HE'S PREPARING TO CHARGE!! ONLY THE DELTA MISSILE CAN STOP HIM! FIRE!!

MISSILE STRAIGHT ON TARGET! IMPACT ASSURED!
NO MISSILE CAN HURT - THE HULK!!
EEEEEE

THEN, BEFORE THE SOUND OF THE GREEN GOLIATH'S THUNDEROUS CHALLENGE CAN DIE AWAY, HE WHO HAD BEEN BRUCE BANNER IS SWALLOWED UP BY THE SMOKE AND DEBRIS OF THE EXPLODING MISSILE!
BOOM!

BUT, WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS--WHEN THE CARNAGE BEGINS TO SUBSIDE--WHEN THE DEAFENING ECHO FADES [redacted]--ONE FACT REMAINS--THOUGH SHAKEN AND STUNNED, THE HULK STILL STANDS!!
LOOK!! HOW CAN IT BE?! HE SURVIVED A DIRECT HIT! HE STILL LIVES!
NO MISSILE-- CAN HURT-- THE-- HULK--!

TRULY THIS SURPASSES ALL REASON--ALL UNDERSTANDING!
SUCH A BEING IS FAR TOO DANGEROUS TO BE DESTROYED! HE MUST BE CAPTURED! HE MUST BE STUDIED!
BRING YOU FORTH, THEN --THE CAPTIVATOR!

INSTANTLY A STRANGE MACHINE LUMBERS TOWARDS THE HULK -- OPERATED BY SOME ESS PLANET CONTROL
WHAT MAKES THEM THINK THIS THING CAN STOP ME?!
I'LL RIP IT APART WITH MY BARE HANDS!
NOT SO, MIGHTY ONE! EVEN YOU CANNOT RESIST THE PRESSURE OF CONCENTRATED GRAVITY -- NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN!
DESPITE YOUR AWESOME POWER YOU ARE FACING THE SCIENTIFIC MARVELS OF THE 25TH CENTURY - MARVELS YOU HAVE NEVER DREAMED OF!
THE HEAVY GRAVITY IS TAKING EFFECT! HE IS STAGGERING! WE HAVE HIM!
HIS BRAIN, SUCH AS IT IS, CAN STILL THINK! HIS LIMBS CAN STILL FEEL! BUT HE IS POWERLESS TO MOVE!
IT CAN'T LAST FOREVER! SOONER OR LATER, I'LL SMASH THEM
QUICKLY! BEFORE THE EFFECTS WEAR OFF -- WE MUST BE RECEDING!
WE'LL TAKE HIM TO THE ANTIPODES -- WHILE WE STILL CAN!
ONE OF THE PARADOXES OF TIME IS THE FACT THAT PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE EXIST SIMULTANEOUSLY! THUS EVEN AS THE HULK IS ENCIRCLED, IF WE WERE TO TURN MANY HUNDRED YEARS INTO THE PAST WE WOULD FIND -- ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN
KEEP SEARCHING! THERE MUST BE A TRACE OF THE HULK SOMEWHERE!
THIS IS WHERE HE STOOD WHEN THE BLAST STRUCK HIM!
BUT HE'S GONE! AS THOUGH HE HAD NEVER EXISTED!
NO SIGN OF HULK! T-GUN MUST BE SOME SORT OF ANNIHILATOR! OVER --!
NEGATIVE! IT IS KNOWN THAT BANNER WAS NOT WORK NG ON DISINTEGRATOR! KEEP SEARCHING -- BY ORDER OF GENERAL ROSS!
IF WE DON'T FIND THAT GREEN GARGOYLE "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS'LL BE IN THE SOUP! THE CHIEF OF STAFF WILL HAVE HIS HIDE!
GENERAL, IF THE T-GUN ATOMIZED THE HULK, IT WOULD HAVE DESTROYED SOME OF THE TERRAIN NEAR HIM TOO -- BUT EVERYTHING IS STILL INTACT!
I KNOW IT, TALBOT" I'VE GOT EYES TO SEE WITH, HAVEN'T I? NOW STAND AT EASE MAJOR AND LET ME THINK!
UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HULK WE WON'T DARE USE THE T-GUN AGAIN! GET EVERY AVAILABLE MAN, BUT BRING ME RESULTS, BLAST IT!
GENERAL THE DEPUTY CHIEF OF STAFF'S ON HIS WAY TO SEE YOU SIR!
TENNNN-HUT!!
OF ALL THE DOD-BLAMED DING BUSTED LUCK,! WHAT IN SAM HILL AM I GOING TO TELL HIM!!!
AS YOU WERE, MEN! WHERE IS GENERAL ROSS?!
RIGHT HERE, SIR! I WASN'T EXPECTING YOU SO SOON!
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE GENERAL?! I HEARD THAT YOU LOST THE HULK! I WANT AN EXPLANATION, AND I WANT IT NOW!
YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME MORE TIME, SIR!
NEAR MISS BY YOU HAD THAT MUSCLE BOUND FREAK RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU! YOU WERE ARMED WITH OUR LATEST DEFENSIVE WEAPONRY, AND YOU BUNGLED THE JOB! AM I RIGHT, OR NOT?!
NOW, HOLD ON, GENERAL! DON'T LET THAT ONE EXTRA STAR GO TO YOUR HEAD! THIS IS STILL MY ASSIGNMENT -- AND I'LL HANDLE IT MY WAY!
ALL RIGHT, BOSS! WE WERE CLASSMATES TOGETHER AT THE POINT -- AND YOUR DIVISION HAS PULLED PLENTY OF CHESTNUTS OUT OF THE FIRE FOR THE PENTAGON TILL NOW! SO I'LL GIVE YOU MORE TIME!
BUT NEAR THIS! THE HIGH COMMAND WANTS THE HULK -- OR WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM! AND IF YOU CAN'T DELIVER WE'LL GET SOME-ONE WHO CAN!
I READ YOU SIR! THE HULK WILL BE FOUND!
NO MERE WORDS OF OURS CAN FULLY DESCRIBE THE MOOD OF BLIND RAGE AND FURY THAT FILLS THE HEART OF "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS AS HE SPEEDS BACK TO HIS COMMAND A SHORT TIME LATER..
I'LL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE SERVICE IF I DON'T LOCATE THE HULK, MAJOR! AND I KNOW HOW TO DO IT FROM NOW ON, THE KID GLOVES ARE OFF!
THE BOY, RICK JONES, HOLDS THE KEY TO ALL THIS! AND, BY JUPITER, THIS TIME HE'S GOING TO TALK!
FASTER! BLAST IT! FASTER!
I'VE ALWAYS SUSPECTED THERE WAS SOME STRANGE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE HULK, BANNER, AND JONES! IT'S LUCKY FOR US THE BOY IS OUR PRISONER!

MEANWHILE, IN THE GRIM OMINOUS WAR-TORN WORLD OF THE FAR FUTURE, THE STILL-MOTIONLESS HULK IS TRANSPORTED TO THE CITADEL OF HIS CAPTORS--
ONCE WE ENTER THE STONE FORTRESS, THE HULK WILL BE FOREVER WITHIN OUR POWER!
THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK! I FEEL THAT GRAVITY STUFF STARTIN' TO WEAKEN NOW!
THIS DUNGEON WAS CREATED TO WITHSTAND THE STRONGEST WEAPONS KNOWN TO MAN!
BUT, THE HULK IS NOT MERELY A WEAPON!! HIS STRENGTH EXCEEDS ANY POWER EVER KNOWN! AND HE IS GUIDED BY A HUMAN BRAIN!
ENOUGH TALK! FINISH THE JOB, AND LET US DEPART!
BUT SECONDS AFTER THE MASSIVE CONCRETE DOOR SWINGS SHUT--
THEY DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO SNAP OUT OF IT SO FAST! BUT I FOOLED 'EM!
SO THIS IS THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE! IT'S JUST A BIG NOTHIN'!! THEY ALL LOOK SCARED OF THEIR OWN SHADOWS! I WONDER WHY--??
AWW, WHAT DO I CARE?? I CAN LICK 'EM ALL! I'M THE HULK!! AND I GOT A LOT OF PAYIN' BACK TO DO!
BUT BEFORE I TAKE THIS PLACE APART, I BETTER THINK-- JUST LIKE BRUCE BANNER WOULDA DONE! I GOTTA FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET BACK TO MY OWN TIME!
SOMETIMES THE CLOUDED BRAIN OF THE BEST AL TITAN FORGETS THAT HE AND BRUCE BANNER ARE TRULY ONE AND THE SAME -- FOR, LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE ORIGINAL NORMAL IDENTITY OF BANNER IS SUBMERGED BY THE STRONGER MORE BRUTAL ESSENCE OF -- THE HULK!!
I'LL PLAY ALONG WITH 'EM FOR A WHILE-- UNTIL I FIND OUT IF THEY HAVE SOME WAY FOR ME TO GET BACK AGAIN!
WITH ALL THE BIG SCIENTIFIC BRAINS AROUND HERE THERE MAY BE SOME KINDA MACHINE OR SOMETHING--!
AND, IF THERE IS, I'LL FIND IT! IF I HAVE TA TEAR THIS WHOLE WORLD APART STONE BY STONE!!
THEN, A MOMENT LATER...
SO! YOU HAVE RECOVERED!
YOU CANNOT ESCAPE! YOU WILL FOLLOW US, UNDER PAIN OF DEATH!
I COULD RAM THOSE TOYS DOWN THEIR THROATS BUT I'LL BE NO ALONG FOR A WHILE!
COME! KING ARKHAN IS NOT TO BE KEPT WAITING!
THEN MOVE-- BEFORE I STEP DOWN AND FLATTEN YA!

NEED MY WORDS, LEGENDARY CREATURE FROM THE DISTANT PAST. DESPITE OUR GREAT SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE OUR AGE IS IN DIRE PERIL!
THE EVIL ONE WHOSE NAME ITSELF REPULSES US THREATENS OUR LIBERTY OUR CIVILIZATION YEA OUR VERY LIVES!
THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM! I GOT OTHER THINGS ON MY MIND
HOLD YOUR TONGUE, BRUTE YOU ARE ADDRESSING THE KHAN!
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LEADING UP TO! YOU GOT SOME KINDA WAR ON YOUR HANDS AND YOU WANT MY HELP WELL FORGET IT!
THE HULK DON'T CARE WHO'S THE GOOD GUYS OR THE BAD GUYS!
STOP HIM! HE ADVANCES UPON HIS MAJESTY!
GET BACK, YOU FLEABAIT! I HAD ENOUGH TALKS, I WANT OUT--AND I WANT IT NOW!
IF YOU HAVE A MACHINE TO SEND ME BACK TO MY OWN TIME, USE IT ON ME! IF NOT, I'LL CAUSE MORE DAMAGE THAN A HUNDRED "EVIL ONES"!
KING ARRAAM YIELDS TO NO THREATS! ATTACK HIM, MY LOYAL LEGIONS!
DESPITE HIS SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH, YOU CAN OVERWHELM HIM BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS!
YEAH! THAT'LL BE THE DAY!
WE'LL RUSH HIM ALL AT ONCE! HE CAN'T STOP ALL OF US!
YOU STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST, HUH? YOU STILL DON'T KNOW THE POWER OF THE HULK!
THEN, MOVING WITH UNCANNY SPEED FOR ONE SO HUGE, THE GREEN BEHEMOTH SUDDENLY TEARS UP AN ENTIRE SECTION OF THE STONE FLOOR WITH THE SUDDEN FORCE OF A THUNDERCLAP--!
YOU GOT A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT ME
AND HERE'S WHERE YOU'RE GONNA START--!
KRUNCH!
WITHIN SECONDS THE RAGING RAMPAGE HAS SCATTERED THE VANGUARD OF HIS FOES LIKE TENPINS--
THE OTHERS ARE RUNNIN AWAY!
WAIT! WERE ARE YOU YA COWARDS! I'LL TOSS 'EM AFTER YOU--!
BOOM! KA-WHAP!
BUT THE SUPPLY OF FUTURISTIC WEAPONS WHICH CAN BE TURNED AGAINST THE HULK SEEMS VIRTUALLY INEXHAUSTIBLE--
PREPARE TO FIRE! POINT BLANK RANGE!
STOP THAT ABERRATION THIS HIGH INTENSITY PARALYZER MONITORS WILL DO IT!
WHOA! NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO NEXT!
BUT BEFORE THE AWESOME GUN CAN BE PUT INTO OPERATION, THE MIGHTIEST HUMAN LEGS ON EARTH CATAPULT THEIR INCREDIBLE OWNER TOWARDS A TOWERING WALL OF STONE ALMOST 80 FEET THICK--!
NOBODY'S FIRIN' ANY MORE SHELLS AT THE HULK!
I GOT OUT!
STOP HIM!
QUICK! SWING THE GUN TIER AROUND! HURRY!
TOO LATE! BUT, DON'T WORRY! HE'LL BATTER HIMSELF TO A PULP AGAINST THAT SOLID STONE WALL!

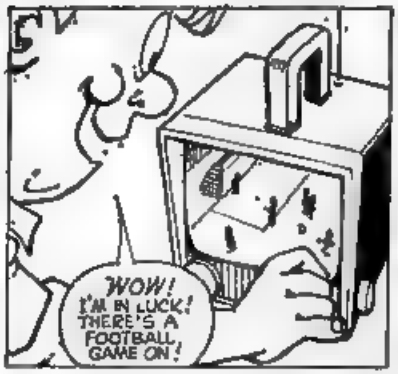
THEY THINK I'LL KNOCK MYSELF OUT WHEN I ANT--!
THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS HAVETA WIN--! NOBODY CAN BELIEVE HOW STRONG I REALLY AM!
CRASH!
THEN, WITH ONLY HIS BARE HANDS-- WITH FINGERS STRONGER THAN STEEL, GRAPPLING-HOOKS THE GREEN-SKINNED BEHEMOTH LITERALLY TEARS THE WALL APART IN HIS FRANTIC SURGE TOWARDS FREEDOM--!
NOTHIN' CAN STOP THE HULK!! NOT NOW OR EVER!
SKRAK!
KRUNCH!
THUMP!
UNTIL, FINALLY...
I'M WAY ABOVE THE GROUND! BUT THAT AIN'T GONNA STOP ME!
I COULD JUMP OFF HERE EASY ENOUGH BUT THEY MIGHT PICK ME UP WITH SOME KINDA RADAR!
I GOT A BETTER IDEA--!
USING HIS MIGHTY FINGERS AND TOES TO POUND HAND-AND-FOOTHOLDS INTO THE WALL, THE HULK CLIMBS EASILY DOWN UNTIL HE HEARS--
SIRENS! ALL OVER THE CITY!
LOOKS LIKE I WON'T GET AWAY IF THEY CAN HELP IT!
RRREEEEEEEEE
BUT THEN, EVEN HIS FOGGY, RAGE-FILLED BRAIN BEGINS TO REALIZE...
NO! THE SIRENS AIN'T FOR ME! THERE'S SOME WALKIN' PILLBOXES INVADIN' THE CITY! IT MUST BE THAT "EVIL ONE" THEY'RE AFRAID OF!
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
MAYBE ME'S GOT SOMETHIN' THAT'LL GET ME BACK TO THE PAST AGAIN!
I MIGHT AS WELL TRY HIM AND SEE!
I HOPE HE ATTACKS ME! I'M SPOILIN' FOR A GOOD FIGHT!
WITHOUT A SECOND'S HESITATION, THE HULK LANDS ON THE FIRST DOME, EVERY FIBRE OF HIS BEING TENSE AND READY FOR BATTLE--!
THANG!
WHOEVER'S INSIDE OF THIS THING SURE MUSTA HEARD THAT!
THE AMETCH IS OPEN'N! ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN NOW!
SKRAKK
I'M THE HULK! IF YER IN THERE COME OUT BEFORE I GO IN AN' DRAG YA OUT!
SILENCE, YOU BRAINLESS FOSSIL! NO ONE GIVES ORDERS TO--- THE IMMORTAL EXECUTIONER!
THE PACE QUICKENS! THE PLOT THICKENS! A NEW WORLD OF WONDERMENT AWAITS YOU NEXT ISSUE! NO HULK-LOVER CAN AFFORD TO MISS IT!

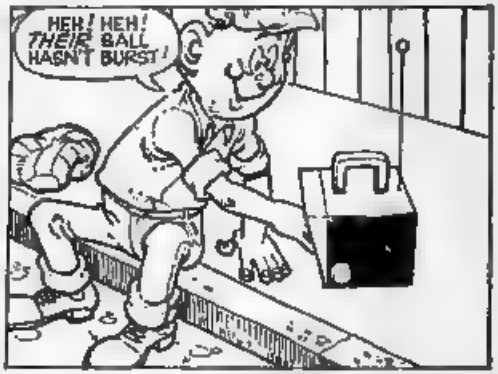
DANGER MOUSE

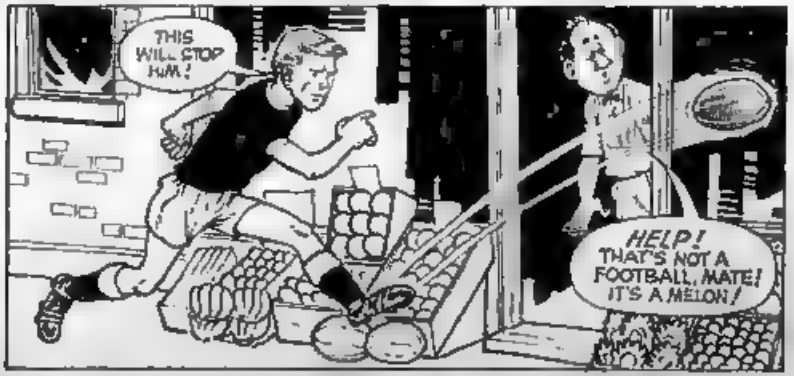
YOU WEIGH 2 21 OUNCES— AND YOU'RE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE!
OUR WEIGHT AND FORTUNE
HEH! HEH! AND I'M YOUR BIG SURPRISE DANGER MOUSE!
GRAB!
EEK!
I GUESS I WON'T BE NEEDING THIS 606 STOPPER NOW!
TOSS!
TRIP!
CRASH
NEE NEE! LOOKS LIKE 606 STOPPERS ARE ALSO GOOD FOR STOPPING CATS!
SPIN!

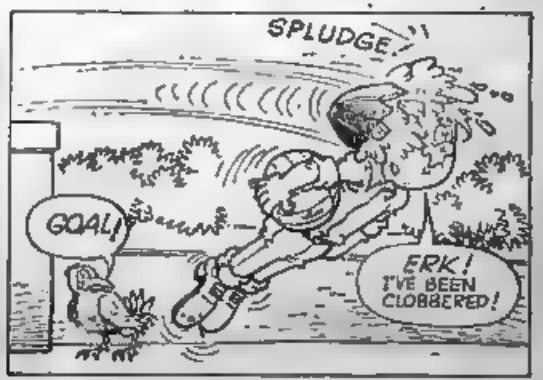
Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE









PYOING!
OH NO! IT'S REBOUNDING!
AAGH! HE'S EVEN BETTER THAN I EXPECTED, GLUB!
SPLUDGE!
I'VE GOT HIM NOW! CHARLIE WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE A THING!
HEH! HEH! HARD LINES, BOBBY I'VE HIDDEN THE BALL! YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT!
DON'T BE A TWERP CHARLIE! THERE'S MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WATCHING US! WE CAN'T LET THEM DOWN!
I TELL YOU WHAT, BOBBY! I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR BALL BACK IF YOU GIVE ME YOUR AUTOGRAPH!
IT'S A DEAL!
AAGH! YOU ROTTER, CHARLIE! — IT'S A TRICK PEN!
HO! HO! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE WHILE BOBBY CAN'T SEE!
AND SO...
THAT'S THREE MELONS AT THREE-SHILLINGS EACH...
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
HO! HO! HE MISSED ME! BUT HE'S HIT P.C McNASTY!
GLUB!
GULP! I'M NOT STAYING OUT HERE A MINUTE LONGER! I'M GETTING BACK IN BEFORE I'M ARRESTED!
ERK!
ONE MOMENT, MY LAD! THERE'S NO ONE TO PAY FOR THOSE MELONS, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT ANYWAY!
GULP! B-BUT I'M FLAT BROKE!
RIGHT THEN — I'LL GET A BOB OR TWO FOR THIS FOOTBALL!
HO! HO! SERVES YOU RIGHT, CHARLIE, YOU'D BETTER STICK TO TIDDLY-WINKS IN FUTURE! HEH! HEH!
FUNNY GUY!

MEET... Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything — and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

CUNNING CARDS

Here is a simple card trick on which you rely on the bad memory of your audience. And I've never yet known it to fail!

Take the Seven of Diamonds and the Eight of Spades from a pack of cards, and place them back together in the middle of the pack the wrong way round. Now take the Eight of Diamonds and the Seven of Spades from the pack and show them to your audience, getting someone to put these two cards *anywhere* in the pack — one at a time

It is now time for your touch of magic. . . . Announce that you are going to make the two cards come together -and, sure enough, you fan out the pack to reveal two cards the wrong way round.

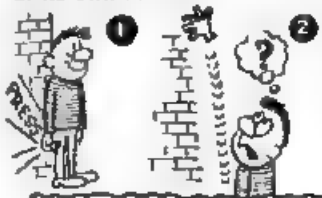
Pick out these two (you put them in there earlier, remember?) and your audience will think you've performed a miracle.

People just won't remember the exact value of the cards they put in the pack. S'true! Try it!

What does a cat have that no other animal can have?

Stand with the back of your hand pressed hard against the wall for a minute or so.

Take your hand away and let it hang loosely at your side. . . . it will begin to rise into the air of its own accord!



DID YOU KNOW?

One of nature's greatest mysteries is the homing instinct of Scotland's Red Deer.

Even when they have been taken as far away as New Zealand, they have been later found miles out at sea swimming directly towards their homeland.

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

The Feature I don't like is:

My age is:

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

On land, sea and air!

PALITOY REGD

ACTION man

Send a combined operations force into action!

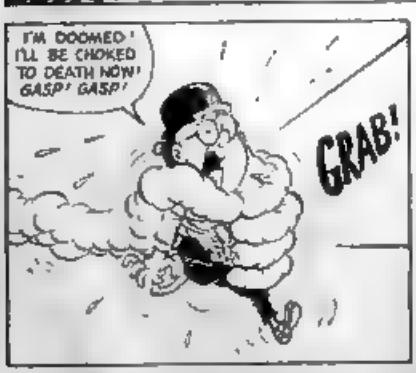
Action Man sees fighting on all fronts. As Action Soldier, Action Sailor and Action Pilot. Move them into hundreds of combat positions (each Action Man has 20 movable parts). Kit them out with more than 100 items of superbly detailed equipment (everything that the modern soldier, sailor or pilot needs). They're the most realistic model fighting men in the world. Recruit them all! You'll have endless fun. And remember, by collecting the stars from Action Man packs you can get another Action Man for nothing! Action Man costs 33/6 (Soldier, Sailor, Pilot versions) complete with work suit, cap, boots, identity tag, equipment and training manuals. Equipment sets from 4/11.

Keep in step with the Official Action Man March!

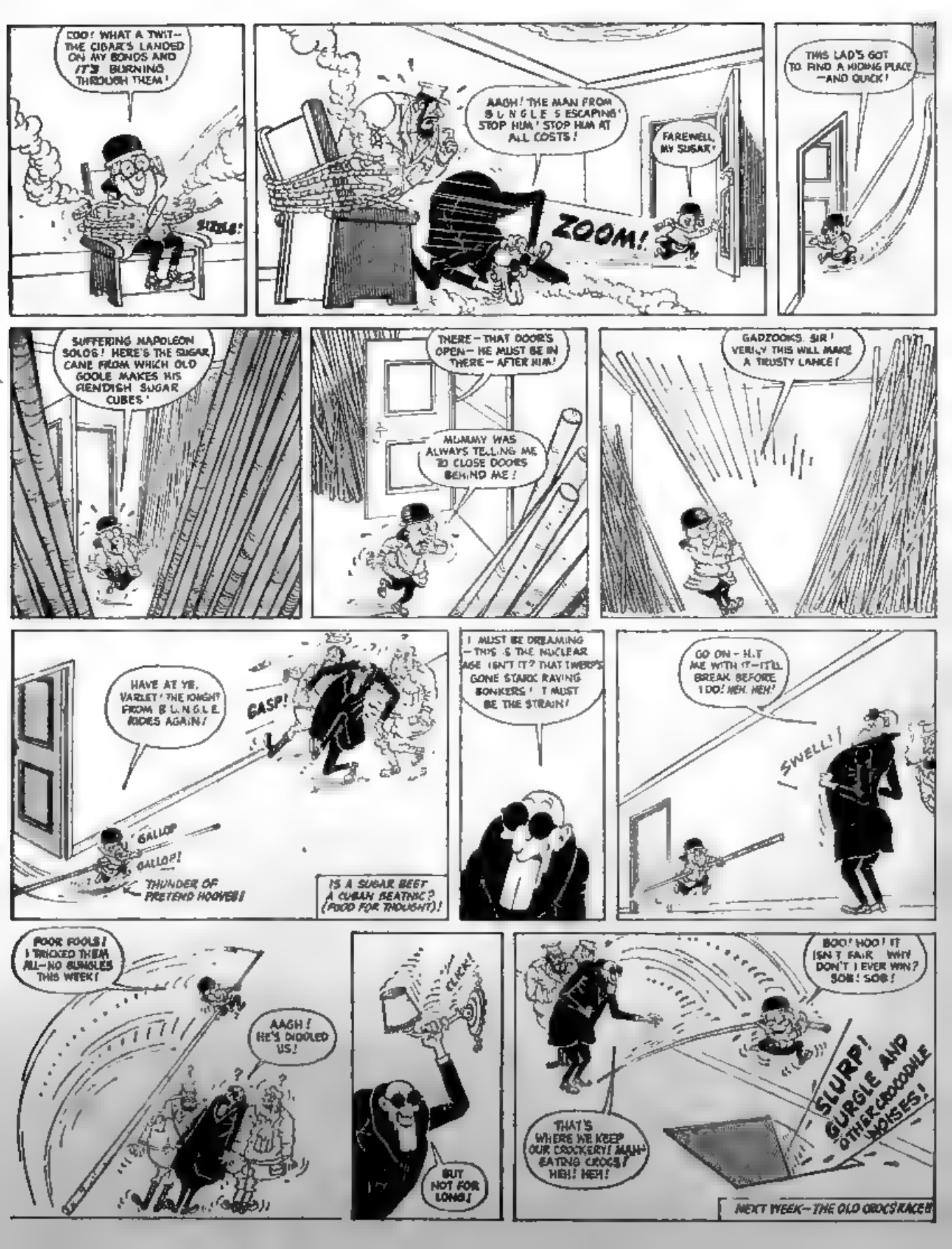
Send Action Man into battle to the resounding sound of Action Man is here' - and victory will be yours! On side one of this action-packed 45 rpm record is the big band version of the Action Man March. Side two has all the authentic battle sounds (the rattle of machine guns, the roar of shells, the whistle of falling bombs) to make your Action Man games even more realistic! Price 6/11.

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

FIDEL ASPRO, THE FIENDISH SUGAR CUBAN, AND DIABOLICAL DOCTOR GOOLE HAVE TEAMED UP TO PRODUCE A SUGAR CUBE THAT GOES BERSERK ON DISSOLVING IN TEA! AND LOOK WHO'S DROPPING IN FOR TEA
I DON'T CARE WHAT THE ADVERTISEMENTS SAY—I DON'T FANCY JOINING THIS TEA SET!



LATER
NOW THEN—THE FUN'S OVER! I WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOUR BOSS KEEPS THE 'AN-TEA DOTE' PILLS. THEY COULD BE INVALUABLE TO US! SPEAK, DOG, SPEAK!
I WON'T TALK! I WON'T TALK!


COO! WHAT A TWIT— THE CIGAR'S LANDED ON MY BONDS AND IT'S BURNING THROUGH THEM!
SIZZLE!
AAGH! THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.S ESCAPING! STOP HIM! STOP HIM AT ALL COSTS!
FAREWELL, MY SUGAR!
ZOOM!
THIS LAD'S GOT TO FIND A HIDING PLACE —AND QUICK!
SUFFERING NAPOLEON SOLOG! HERE'S THE SUGAR CANE FROM WHICH OLD GOOLE MAKES HIS FIENDISH SUGAR CUBES!
THERE— THAT DOOR'S OPEN— HE MUST BE IN THERE— AFTER HIM!
MUMMY WAS ALWAYS TELLING ME TO CLOSE DOORS BEHIND ME!
GADZOOKS, SIR! VERILY THIS WILL MAKE A TRUSTY LANCE!
HAVE AT YE, VARLET! THE KNIGHT FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. RIDES AGAIN!
GASP!
GALLOP
GALLOP!
THUNDER OF PRETEND HOOVES!
IS A SUGAR BEET A CUBAN BEATNIC? (FOOD FOR THOUGHT)!
I MUST BE DREAMING — THIS IS THE NUCLEAR AGE ISN'T IT? THAT TWERP'S GONE STARK RAVING BONKERS! I MUST BE THE STRAIN!
GO ON — HIT ME WITH IT — IT'LL BREAK BEFORE I DO! HEH, HEH!
SWELL!
POOR FOOLS! I TRICKED THEM ALL— NO BUNGLES THIS WEEK!
AAGH! HE'S DOODLED US!
CLICK!
BUT NOT FOR LONG!
BOO! HOO! IT ISN'T FAIR WHY DON'T I EVER WIN? SOB! SOB!
SLURP! GURGLE AND OTHER CROCODILE NOISES!
THAT'S WHERE WE KEEP OUR CROCKERY! MAN-EATING CROCS! HEH! HEH!
NEXT WEEK— THE OLD CROCS RACE!!

COLLECT THESE CUT-OUT 'SOLDIERS OF BRITAIN'
12 FREE MODELS WITH KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

You'll find one of these twelve "3-D" cut-out soldiers on the back of every Kellogg's Corn Flakes packet. They're all over 8 inches tall, in full-colour, and accurate in every detail, with a complete history on the side of the packet.

★ Pikeman	1660
★ Coldstream Guards	1680
★ Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers	1751
★ Montgomery Highlanders	1762
★ Royal Welch Fusiliers	1780
★ Royal Horse Artillery	1800
★ 10th Hussars	1815
★ 1st Life Guards	1830
★ Rifle Brigade	1831
★ 10th Royal Hussars	1914
★ Black Watch	1939
★ Irish Guards	1950

Start collecting all 12 models right away!

LOOK FOR THE UNIFORMS ON THIS PACKET!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...
...THE LEGEND TESTERS
ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, THE LEGEND TESTERS, HAVE TRAVELLED BACK THROUGH TIME TO TEST THE LEGEND OF THE METAL MEN. IN A REMOTE TWELTH CENTURY EUROPEAN VILLAGE THEY ARE TAKEN ABOARD THE METAL MEN'S SPACE-SHIP!
IT'S FASCINATING! I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A SPACE-CRAFT ANYTHING LIKE THIS ONE!
I'D LIKE TO BE ABLE TO EXPLORE IT! THERE'S SO MUCH TO LEARN HERE!
LOCK THE PRISONERS IN THEIR COMPARTMENT— AND SEE THAT THEY REMAIN THERE FOR THE WHOLE OF THE JOURNEY!
WITHIN MINUTES THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE RETURN JOURNEY TO THE HOME PLANET OF THE METAL MEN ARE COMPLETED. THE GREAT SHIP LIFTS SLOWLY FROM THE GROUND.
IT GATHERS SPEED AT A FANTASTIC RATE
AND SOARS THROUGH THE INFINITE DISTANCES OF SPACE
AND THEN AT LAST
WE'VE STOPPED WE'VE REACHED THE THE PLANET METURN!
AND WE DON'T EVEN KNOW IF IT HAS AN ATMOSPHERE WE CAN BREATHE!
NO— BUT WE SOON WILL! SOMEONE'S COMING IN!
YOU COME WITH ME, EARTHMEN!
ANYTHING YOU SAY!

WE HAVE COMPLETED THE JOURNEY, YOU WILL GET OUT NOW!
I WONDER WHAT IT CAN BE LIKE OUT THERE!
ROLLO MOVES TO THE EDGE OF THE DOORWAY... THEN STOPS HIMSELF NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!
IT'S A SHEER DROP!
BUT AS THEY HESITATE ON THE BRINK...
THE FIENDS! THEY'VE PUSHED US TO OUR DEATHS!
BUT INSTEAD OF PLUMMETTING LIKE STONES, THEY FIND THEMSELVES FLOATING SLOWLY DOWNWARDS!
IT'S UNCANNY! WE'RE BEING BROUGHT DOWN BY MEANS OF SOME FORM OF GRAVITY CONTROL!
AND NOW THE METAL MEN ARE FLOATING DOWN WITH US! THEY WEREN'T TRYING TO KILL US! THIS MUST BE THEIR NORMAL WAY OF DISEMBARKING FROM THEIR SHIP!
THEY LAND GENTLY IN THE STRANGE CITY...
IT'S FANTASTIC!
BUT BEFORE THEY HARDLY START TO LOOK, AN ORDER BARKS OUT FROM ONE OF THE METAL MEN...
TAKE THEM TO THE LEADER!
AND SO, WITHIN MINUTES...
WHEW! WHAT A PALACE!
AND DO YOU NOTICE HOW EVERYTHING IS MADE OF METAL!
THEY ARE PLACED BEFORE THE RULER OF THE METAL MEN...
IT IS GOOD THAT THIS PLANET CALLED EARTH MAY CONTAIN THE METAL WE NEED! AND NOW WE HAVE TWO EARTHMEN HERE FOR EXAMINATION— TAKE THEM TO PIECES! FIND OUT WHAT THEY ARE MADE OF!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN! WE'RE NOT TIN MEN, LIKE YOU FREAKS!... UGH!
ROLLO! THAT THING IN HIS HAND! IT'S SIMILAR TO A GAS TORCH USED FOR CUTTING METAL!
DO YOU REALISE WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO? THEY'RE GOING TO CUT US UP INTO PIECES!
THE TWO GUARDS IMMEDIATELY POINT THEIR FINGERS—
AH...!
AND ROLLO AND DANNY DROP TO THE FLOOR...
WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS, THEY FIND THEMSELVES STRAPPED DOWN...
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS PLACE, ROLLO?
IT'S SOME KIND OF LABORATORY!
AND HERE COME TWO OF THE METAL MEN!
NEXT ISH: THE EXPERIMENT!

THE NERVS

MMM! I LOVE LEMONG! SLURP! SLURP!
SLURP!

HUH! IF YOU EAT ANY MORE YOUR FACE WILL LOOK LIKE A PERISHING PRUNE—IT WILL DRY UP!

YAH! NUTS!
SUCK!
SLURP!

IN FATTY'S STOMACH DEPARTMENT...
WHOOSH!
YAHOO! GOOD OLD FATTY—HE'S SENT DOWN SOME LEMON JUICE!
YIPEE! WE'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE LEMONADE!

GURGLE!
FIZZ!
BLOOP!
OH, BOY! LOTS OF LOVELY LEMONADE!
LEMONADE MACHINE
POTS OF PERISHING POP!

MEANWHILE...
OH, BOY! I'VE JUST BEEN TOLD THE TUM NERVS ARE MAKING POP! I MUST GET ME A BOTTLE—I LOVE FIZZY LEMONADE!

BAH! HERE COMES THAT GREEDY TWERP—SKINNY SKIN NERV!

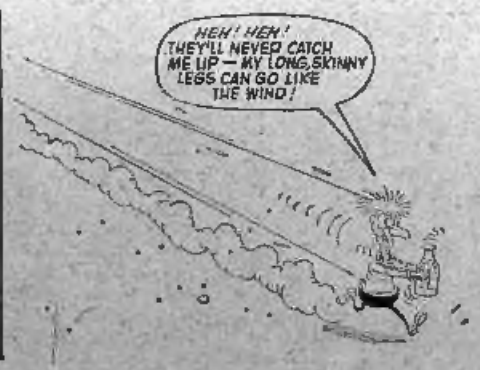
HEH! HEH! THAT'S HIM ALL WASHED UP!
SPLOSH!
AAGH!

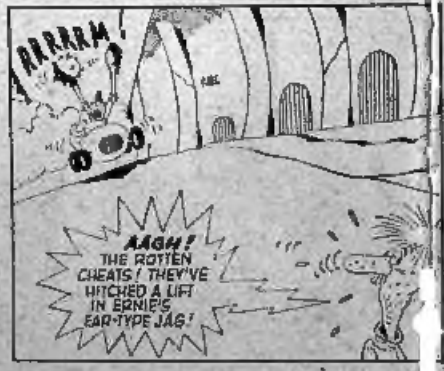
THE GREEDY TWERPS MEAN TO KEEP IT ALL TO THEMSELVES! AND I LOVE FIZZY POP!

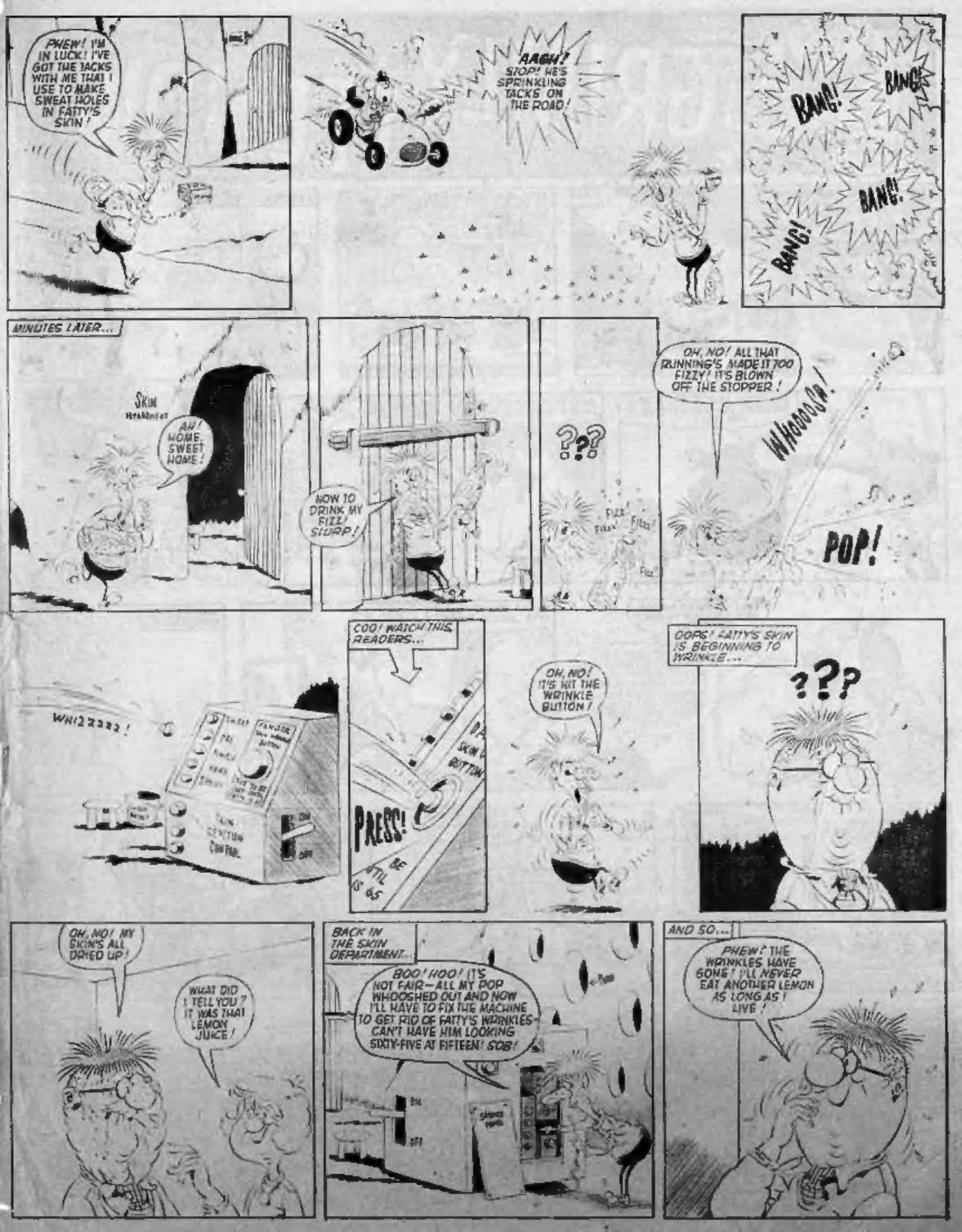
GRR! I'LL JUST HAVE TO PINCH SOME!

STOP! THIEF!
YAHOO! I DID IT! LOVELY LEMONADE! SLURP!
Stomach Department
KEEP OUT
ZOOM!

GRRR! AFTER HIM! LET'S TEACH HIM A LESSON!
HE'LL BE HEADING FOR THE SKIN DEPARTMENT— FULL STEAM AHEAD, LADS!
ZOOM!


HEH! HEH! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME UP — MY LONG, SKINNY LEGS CAN GO LIKE THE WIND!


AAGH! THE ROTTEN CHEATS! THEY'VE HITCHED A LIFT IN ERNIE'S EAR-TYPE JAG!


PHEW! I'M IN LUCK! I'VE GOT THE TACKS WITH ME THAT I USE TO MAKE SWEAT HOLES IN FATTY'S SKIN!
AAGH! STOP! HE'S SPRINKLING TACKS ON THE ROAD!
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
MINUTES LATER...
SKIN HEADQUARTERS
AH! HOME, SWEET HOME!
NOW TO DRINK MY FIZZ! SLURP!
??
FIZZ FIZZ FIZZ FIZZ
OH, NO! ALL THAT RUNNING'S MADE IT TOO FIZZY! IT'S BLOWN OFF THE STOPPER!
WHOOOSH!
POP!
WHIZZZZ!
SKIN CONTROL CONTROL
COO! WATCH THIS, READERS...
PRESS!
OH, NO! IT'S HIT THE WRINKLE BUTTON!
OOPS! FATTY'S SKIN IS BEGINNING TO WRINKLE...
??
OH, NO! MY SKIN'S ALL DRIED UP!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? IT WAS THAT LEMON JUICE!
BACK IN THE SKIN DEPARTMENT...
BOO! HOO! IT'S NOT FAIR—ALL MY POP WHOOSHED OUT AND NOW I'LL HAVE TO FIX THE MACHINE TO GET RID OF FATTY'S WRINKLES—CAN'T HAVE HIM LOOKING SIXTY-FIVE AT FIFTEEN! SOB!
ON
OFF
AND SO...
PHEW! THE WRINKLES HAVE GONE! I'LL NEVER EAT ANOTHER LEMON AS LONG AS I LIVE!

GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
LISTEN TO THIS, LADS! LADY STINN-KENRICH IS GOING TO WEAR HER PRICELESS NECKLACE AT THE MASKED BALL TONIGHT!
HEH! HEH! SHE ALWAYS GOES TO PIERRE'S TO HAVE HER HAIR DONE BEFORE BIG OCCASIONS —WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE FIRST!
IT'LL BE A SNIP!
PIERRE AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR—A SHORT BACK AND SHINE PERHAPS?
TCH! TCH! YOU'VE GOT A HAIR STICKING UP—I'LL FLATTEN IT FOR YOU!
AAGH!
RIGHT ON THE NUT!
HEH! HEH! HOW DO I LOOK, LADS? THINK I'LL PASS?
LOOK OUT! SHE'S GETTING OUT OF HER ROLLS NOW!
AND SO...
I THINK A NICE BOUFFANT WOULD DO SUPERBLY, MADAM! SIMPER!
OH! YOU MUST BE A NEW ASSISTANT—BUT WHAT AN EXCELLENT IDEA!
THEY'LL NEVER NOTICE THIS BALLOON IN HERE! SNIGGER!
HOW TO GET BOOKED
HEH! HEH! THAT BALLOON'S FILLED WITH SLEEPING GAS—SET TO GO OFF AT NINE O'CLOCK TONIGHT! THEN WE'LL SNATCH THE NECKLACE WHILE EVERYBODY'S ASLEEP!
THANK YOU, MY MAN! IT'S JUST S-SUPER!
SHLUMP
IT WAS A PLEASURE, YOUR LADYSHIP —OUCH!
NINE O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT.
YAHOO! IT'S TEN PAST NINE, LADS—IN WE GO—THEY SHOULD ALL BE FAST ASLEEP BY NOW!
AAGH! NO! WE'VE BEEN HAD AGAIN!
IT'S A MARKED BALL, ALL RIGHT —BUT IT'S GAS MASKS THEY'RE WEARING!
JOLLY ORIGINAL, WHAT? JUST TO REMIND US OF THE JOLLY OLD WAR! WE TAKE THEM OFF AT TEN O'CLOCK AND START ON THE CHAMPERS AND FOOD!
GARR! HOP IT, YOU CHEAP CROOKS—NO ONE'S TAKING LADY STINN-KENRICH'S NECKLACE TONIGHT!
STINN MANOR
BOO! HOO! IT ISN'T FAIR— OTHER CROOKS WIN SOMETIMES! I HATE GAS MASKS! SOB! SOB!